

To Miss Lizzie Love.

# DARLING KATE.



## SONG & CHORUS

Written and composed by  
**WILL. S. HAYS.**

Arranged by  
**CHARLES HEBEL.**

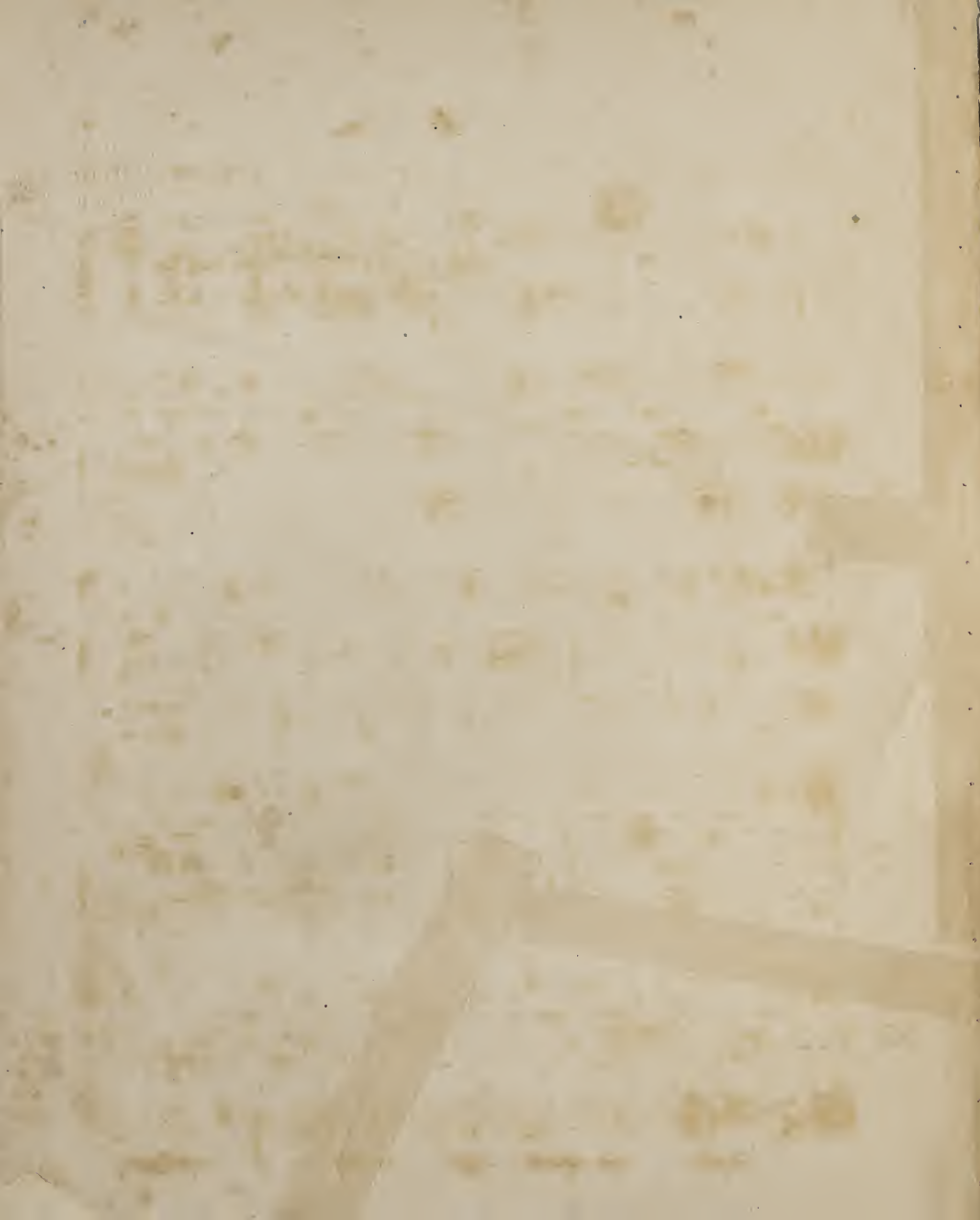


Piano.

CINCINNATI, O.

Guitar:

Published by **W.C. Peters & Sons, No 76, West Fourth Street**



# DARLING KATE.

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ARRANGED BY CHARLES HEBEL.

*Allegretto*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto* and *mf*. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both in the key of B-flat major.

O! I think of the days, when but a little child, I sported o'er the meadows to the hill. Where the

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note bass line.

sweet flowers bloom'd, and were ever growing wild, Near the stream that rippled near the mill. But the

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same eighth-note bass line.

old mill has gone to de-cay long ago. Where I romp'd with my little darling Kate And the

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same eighth-note bass line.

Miller lies sleeping where the gentle breezes blow Where we play'd near the turn-pike gate.

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same eighth-note bass line.

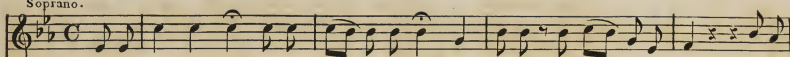
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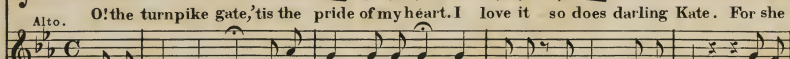


## CHORUS.

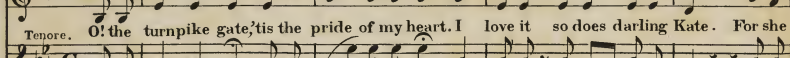
Soprano.



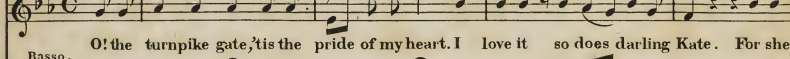
Alto.



Tenore.

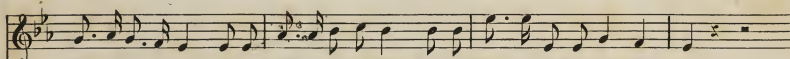
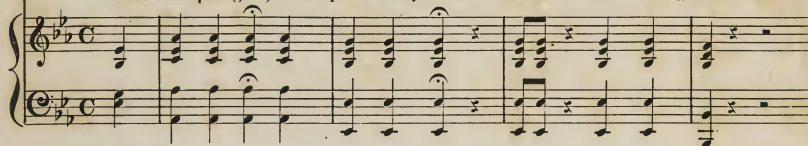


Basso.

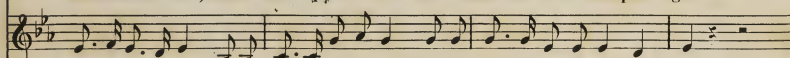


O! the turnpike gate, 'tis the pride of my heart. I love it so does darling Kate. For she

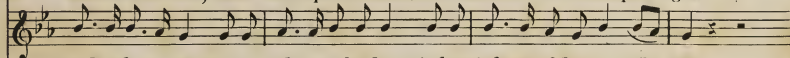
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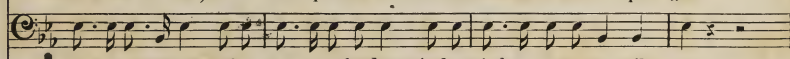
sits beside me now, with a smile upon her brow. And reminds me of the turnpike gate.



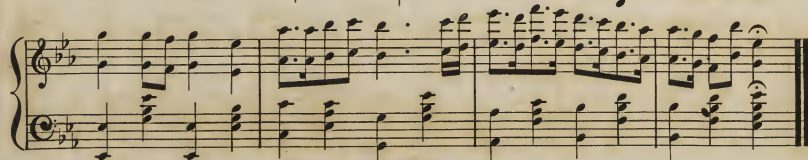
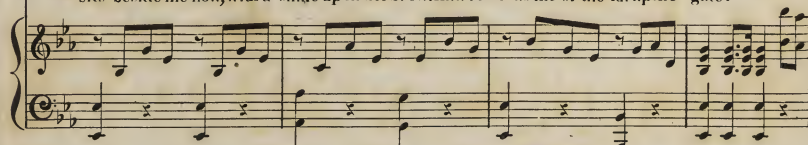
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3 . V . Now its old broken hinges have grown red with the rust, And its timbers are all going to de-cay And how

ma-ny swung upon it that have return'd to dust, Since you and I up-on it used to play O! I

love it for 'twas there in my boy-hood days, That first I saw and lov'd my darling Kate: And she

sits beside me now with a smile upon her brow, And re-minds me of the turnpike gate. **D. C. Chorus.**

